

in this place lately. There is saying a couple
now that was well as usual on Wednesday
and died on Friday morning, which was
formerly a scholar of mine. A young man
by the name of Johnson was killed by being
struck on the head at the Woodland Cemetery,
John Straily, the Grandfather of John, is dead.
William Hedges is also deceased.
There are two persons residing in this
borough who have been bitten by a dog
exposed to the in a naked state. Nathan
Simpson is deceased. I know of nothing at
present that can interest you, as I go
no where from home.

I remain your affectionate
Son
Anna W. Bunker

West Philadelphia June 3rd, 1849

Dear Brother

I received your letter on Friday
at noon just as I came home from the school
room, when I came in I remarked that I
was very tired and nearly exhausted, from
my arduous labors, as I am conducting
a Public examination of the school imposed
on me by the Directors, this being the second
in nine months. I have 135 scholars, and but
one assistant, tomorrow I am to take in all the
have made application. We shall then have over 150
our Directors are somewhat like the Egyptian task
masters. I feel very often as though I would
sink under the weight of responsibility, and
labors imposed on me, by a heartless Directors.
I have not been well since last November.
I took a severe cold, being exposed to the inclemencies
of the severest winter I ever experienced, this
was a continuation of cold, and snow for
several weeks, some of the ablest inhabitants say
it was the coldest ever occurred since this nation
I think it was eleven weeks before I was re-
lieved of my cold, it finally settled in my left
side, which occasions a good deal of pain;
sometimes I can scarcely lie on it, it is my

opinion that my time is very much affected. I have also an ugly cough, this however is getting rather better. I hope now the warm weather is approaching I shall get entirely well, we have had but a few days of warm weather all season. Today is pleasant, the heat of this place is generally very good. I know of no sickness at present. There will be a few cases of Cholera, reported in the city some time since, but at present, the Board of Health report, there are none.

On the first page, telling you the remark I made on Friday but did not finish, they answered me by saying they had something for me, which they thought would cure me. I wanted to know what it was they held up a letter, at first I was afraid to look at it for fear that it contained painful intelligence, but as soon as I saw the letter my fears were all at an end, and you may rest assured I felt heartily glad to receive a letter written by yourself. The last letter I received from you was dated Jan 29th I think, it did not come to hand until the middle of Feb^y, I answered it immediately, and took great pains to direct

it correctly, but have never received an answer, I waited a long time, not then hearing from you, I concluded to write to you at Elliotville, but it was impeded so deeply on my mind that you had fallen a victim to the Cholera, that I gathered fortitude to write to Mr. Elliot. I attempted several times to write to him but found that I would not be able to hear from him until the Daily news gave such dreadful accounts from the South and West, of the ravages of the Cholera, and also of the destruction of Property by fire and water. I gathered courage to do it and learn the worst. I felt heartily glad that I wrote. Please tender my thanks to your friend Mr. Elliot. If an apology is necessary, please apologize.

I thought strikes me while I am writing, I would it not be best if you are taken sick at any future time, provided you are not able to write to get someone to write for you and let us know it. This will relieve us from a great deal of anxiety, and I will pursue the same course. All our friends, so far as I know are

well. Harriet and Maria, both visited me a few weeks since they were well. Maria had a gathered band during the winter, but it is now well. Thomas, called one evening a few minutes, in Feb. the same week that I received your letter, he was well. He said it was his intention to make me a regular visit, in eight or ten days, but have not seen him since.

Thomas Thibbs, has moved home again to his mother. Mary Thibbs is married to Mr. Olin. He also lives at Hunt's, Lydia Doon, I expect will be married to a Mr. Kane this fall, he is about 60, she near 40. John Traill, son, died in December last, he was buried the 19th Dec. Hunt Thomas Snicker was buried the 11th of May. He lived to see her eightieth year. Hunt Harriet and Thomas are well. Augustine is still the same, but remains at home. West Philad. is improving rapidly. There are a large number of buildings at present, being erected. I know of nothing else that would be interesting and will close by saying write soon, let us exchange letters at least once a month whenever it be practicable, with much regard

Yours affectionate

John

Anna W. Snicker

P. S. If we never meet on earth, let us strive to make our words for Heaven. I feel that my troubles will never have an end while on earth, I am resolved therefore to secure a meeting place where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest.

Amwell,

Aug.